

Baby Body

Youth Group

Liz hates her body, her baby body
She thinks that everybody's looking at
the way her figure's changed
But she's on this bus, it always moves so
slow
Regrets her haircut, a career-ruining
haircut
She should have got it cut by her student
friend, he's asked her to do weeks
But she hates that public transport moves
so slow

You wanted everything to change but you
could only change your name
You've got to rise above it now, you're
more important than the game
Than the game, more important than the
game

Gazes in awe on those stupid morons
Who buy those magazines to paper their
mirror of their homes
But she wonders how many people buy
them for the summer factor
She's making pictures, collaging pictures
A microscopic version of the way they're
crowding in their mind
But this bus wastes roughly one-twelfth
of her day

You wanted everything to change but you
could only change your clothes
Standing in the supermarket aisle you
know these fuckers never close
They were never close, these fuckers never close

You wanted everything to change but you
could only change your name